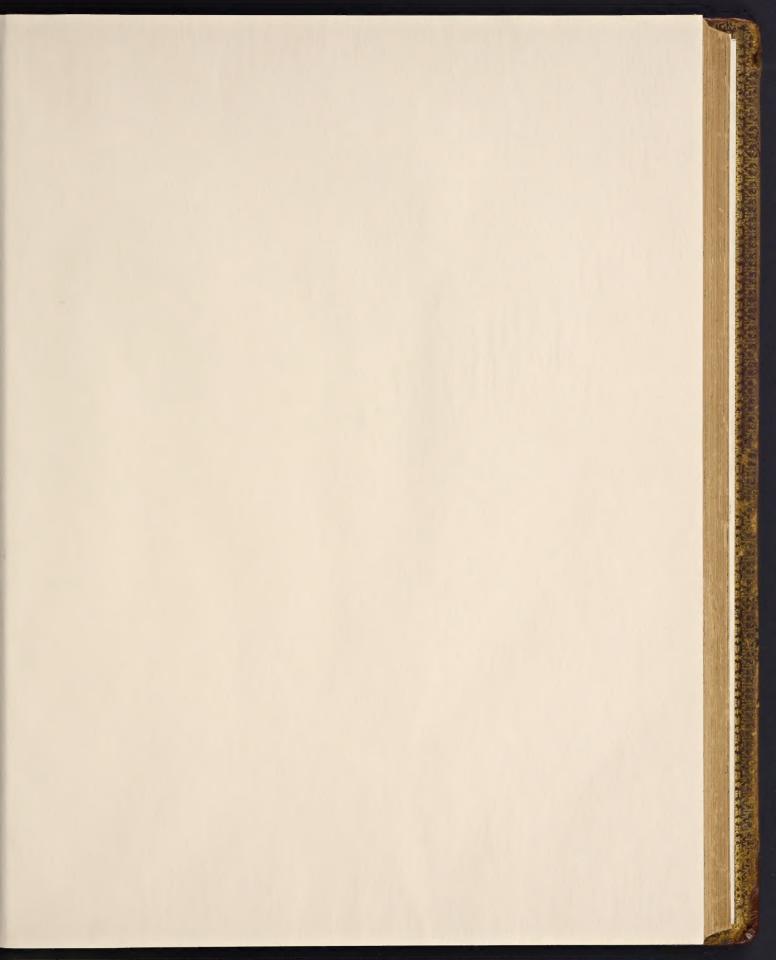






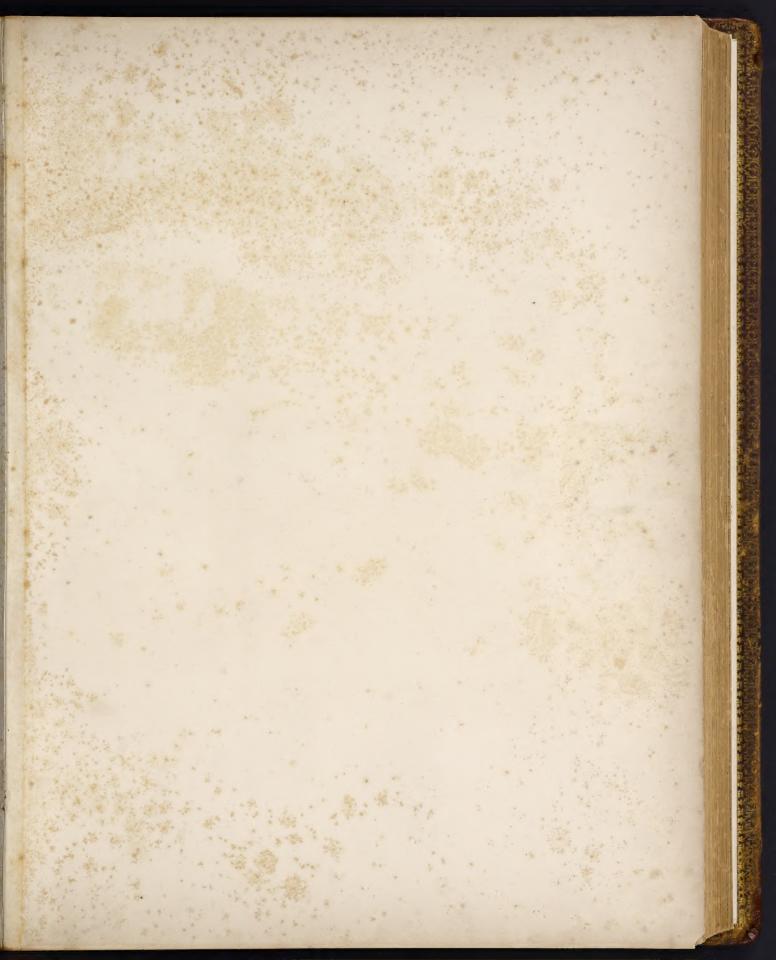
ELLA KING ADAMS













DUSSELDORF GALLERY.

(Fauted by BOSER)

GEMS°

FROM THE

"DÜSSELDORF GALLERY,"

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURES

BY

A. A. TURNER,

AND REPRODUCED (FOR THE FIRST TIME) UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF

B. FRODSHAM.

Hew Bork:

D. APPLETON & CO., 443 & 445 Broadway.

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HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE

DÜSSELDORF SCHOOL OF ART.

The advent of the Düsseldorf Collection of Paintings formed an era in American Art. It came like a sudden revelation, bearing "good tidings" to the lovers of the Beautiful; while to the Art-taste of our common country it gave a new inspiration, a nobler endeavor, a diviner appreciation of the mission of the painter. Hence, from the first opening of the Gallery up to the present moment, the Düsseldorf pictures have not only elicited a ceaseless attention, but also have visibly affected the taste of the public, by giving to all a higher and purer conception of the office of the artist. Of such an instrumentality the casual observer and the student desire to know more; and we therefore give a brief sketch of the rise and character of the now renowned "School" of Art at Düsseldorf.

It is somewhat strange that Düsseldorf, the capital of the inconsiderable Duchy of Berg, in the Rhenish provinces of Prussia—a town of little note, dignified by no historical associations, situated on the monotonous flats of the Rhine, far below the region of its grandeur and enchantment, with nothing to boast of in the way of palaces, churches, theatres, or ruins—the great staple of continental cities—should, nevertheless, be the seat of a school of painting, perhaps the most conspicuous on the Continent, and which has aided in giving stability and strength to the most important movements in the history of modern art. It is true that a famous collection of pictures once adorned the walls of the Electoral palace; but the palace was destroyed in 1794 by the French, and the pictures were removed to Munich. It was long after their removal that the school began to flourish and became prominent. It seems to have found some congenial influences which are hidden from common observation, and make up for the apparent deficiencies of the place. Perhaps the artists who have congregated in so unromantic a locality have been urged to greater efforts after ideal beauty by the very presence of the natural barrenness which surrounds them.

Cornelius, to whom belongs the honor of the foundation of the School of Düsseldorf, was a native of the town. Though little known in this country, his name stands at the head of the modern German painters, especially of those who, in immediate connection with him, broke through the conventional mannerisms by which the genius of artists was trammelled and the spirit of art degraded, and, in opposition to academies and professors, sought a freer field for the exercise of "the gift and faculty divine" of which they were the possessors. Of these men, Cornelius, Overbeck, and Schadow, were the most distinguished. They met at Rome, whither they had gone for a common purpose—that of seeking among the works of the greatest masters for the truest inspiration. They regarded themselves as the martyrs of the modern absurdities and insipidities which usurped the places and authority of art. Overbeck had, in fact, been expelled from the Academy of Vienna, for exercising that independence of thought which never fails to excite the horror of old "foundations." He had taken refuge from the academicians, among the grand memorials of the early painters of Italy. He found kindred spirits in his countrymen, banished like himself by the puerilities and pompous absurdities of the German schools, and, like himself, in quest of a purer standard of taste, and a more congenial field of labor.

Under such circumstances, it was very natural that they should go from one extreme to the other—from the ultra-modern to the ultra-medieval—from the over-loaded ornaments and artificial redundancies of painting which were nearest to them in point of time, to the simplicity and sincerity which were farthest off—even beyond the period of highest excellence, quite back to the infancy of the revival of Art. Equally natural was it that they should have found in their new associations controlling motives of life higher than the standards of artistic taste. The old masters led them to the old faith. They exchanged the cold formalities of German Lutheranism for the more vivid ritual of that Church

over whose altars, and in whose aisles, and sacristies, and cloisters, they had studied the works of the masters of their adoption, and found in their pure and simple creations not less the inspiration of genius than the fervor of unaffected faith. Cornelius was born a Roman Catholic. A large number of his fellow-students in Rome, including Overbeck and Schadow, were converted to Romanism, and, as a matter of course, went far beyond him in devotion to their new faith. Their fanaticism, however—for with some it reached that point—gave new ardor to the zeal with which they devoted themselves to their art.

A school of painters formed under such influences, and animated by such inducements, could not have failed of success. Their extravagance was not of a kind to interfere with their progress; for it was the extravagance of simplicity and adherence to the real forms of nature. It was the imitation of a former style, it is true, but that was better, as a foundation, than conformity to any modern standard.

The King of Bavaria visited Rome about 1820, during the residence there of these new enthusiasts of the old school. He adopted their notions of art, and, what was more to the purpose, adopted a great number of the artists themselves, and proved a constant and munificent patron of their labors. To him, more than to any other man, Germany is indebted for the success of modern art. Munich is full of the pictures of Cornelius and his disciples, painted under the auspices and directions of Louis of Bavaria. Soon after the consummation of the new movements at Rome, and the accession of King Louis, Cornelius was established at Munich, and Schadow, his co-worker, was appointed Director of the Düsseldorf Academy, to which he immediately communicated the spirit and style which they had both adopted, and by means of which a new impulse had been given to German art.

It was thus that the Düsseldorf School derived the distinctive peculiarities which characterize its works of sacred art. Schadow, since he has been at its head, has devoted himself almost exclusively to the painting of purely religious pictures; and some of the best productions of the Academy have been of this description. The school, however, has been by no means confined in its labors, or in its reputation, to this department of art. Some of its most distinguished artists are painters of historical pictures, landscapes, and still life. Many of them are Protestants and ultra-Protestants; the religious opinions of both sides of the school being sharpened by contact with each other. At the head of the latter class stands Lessing, who has acquired a great reputation for his pictures of the scenes and heroes of the Reformation, and who is looked up to as the head of the Protestant branch of the Academy. His "Martyrdom of Huss," now in this gallery, is one of the greatest of all modern paintings, and has served to place not only the artist upon the records of Immortals, but also of the School of Art, under whose inspiration he loves to work.

The characteristics of the School are, perfect fidelity to nature, in form, color, and expression; minuteness in detail, delicacy of finish, and perfectness in rendering the language of every subject. All this implies the most exclusive study; for, the licenses and extravagances of genius once discarded, nothing except the power of truthfulness is left. But, though their ordinances are so severe, no formality, nor coldness, nor barrenness, can attach to the School. The great variety in the paintings which form this collection, shows that the loftiest and the lowliest subjects alike are rendered with success; history, allegory, landscape, fruit, animals, humor and pathos, piety and enthusiasm, poetry and passion—all have here their most noble and exquisite interpretation. No art-collection in this country ever embraced more excellence in the way of diversity of subject.

Following the great artists named, we have Hildebrandt, Carl Clasen, Hausenclever, Becker, Achenbach, Leu, Camphausen, Steinbruck, Pulian, (in architecture,) Köhler, Sohn, Leutze, Lessing, &c., &c.—the list embracing some of the most eminent artists of modern times—all of whom have contributed toward the large collection. For years agents watched the artists' studios, taking, at great prices, in many instances, pictures fresh from the easel. Thus were won the immortal "Martyrdom of Huss," the "Germania," "Madonna and Child," "Othello and Desdemona," "Adoration of the Magi," "Diana and her Nymphs," "The Fairies," "Henry VIII. and Anna Boleyn," &c., &c. &c. European connoisseurs and agents of galleries interposed many obstacles to prevent such pictures from leaving Europe for America, but the collector pursued his purposes successfully, as the present collection shows—two hundred and thirty thousand dollars being absorbed in the purchases.

This is a history, in brief, of the rise and progress of the Düsseldorf School, which is now exerting such an important influence in the world of modern art. The collection is by far the finest exposition of the School in the world, nothing in Germany equalling it in this specialty.

LIST OF PAINTINGS.

DÜSSELDORF GALLERY,	Boser.
DÜSSELDORF ARTISTS,	Boser.
THE MADONNA AND CHILD,	MULLER.
WEAVER OF SILESIA,	HUBNER.
DIANA AND NYMPHS,	Sohn.
THE WINE TESTERS,	HASENCLEVER.
THE BLIND FATHER'S FAREWELL BLESSING,	JULIUS SCHRADER.
OTHELLO,	HILDEBRANDT.
THE CASCADE,	Lindlar.
RUDOLPH OF HAPSBURG, WHILE HUNTING, DOING HOMAGE TO A PRIEST CARRYING THE SACRAMENT,	CARL CLASEN.
A PORTRAIT—CONSCIOUS WOMANHOOD,	Bewer.
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MALVOLIO,	Schrodter.
DUTCH CHATEAU ON A SWAMP,	
THE MAGDALEN,	
BATTLE OF ASCALON,	
NORWEGIAN SCENERY,	
A CASTLE INVADED BY PURITANS,	
THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL,	
GERMANIA—AN ALLEGORY,	
LUTHER THROWING HIS INKSTAND AT SATAN,	
STAG BESET BY WOLVES,	
THE SERENADE,	WODICK.

LIST OF PAINTINGS.

CATTLE, Simmler.
FERRY-BOAT ON THE RHINE, Sonderland.
FALSTAFF MUSTERING HIS RECRUITS, Schrodter.
HORSE, SHEEP, AND GOATS, SIMMLER.
THE YOUNG COUPLE'S FIRST QUARREL, HUBNER.
CORDELIA AND KING LEAR, HILDEBRANDT.
THE SPORTSMAN,
THE EVENING SONG, Köhler.
THE FIRST FROST, De Leuw.
THE CITY HALL—GHENT, PULIAN.
THE DEPARTURE OF THE STUDENT FOR THE UNIVERSITY, HASENCLEVER.
THE RETURN OF THE STUDENT, HASENCLEVER.
THE STUDENT'S EXAMINATION,
LANDSCAPE, WITH SHEEP AND GOATS, Scheuren.
TYROLEANS TRAVELLING,
WINTER SCENE, G. SAAL.
COLUMBUS ENTERING BARCELONA, PLÜDDEMAN.
SCENE NEAR DRESDEN, Pulian.
THE OBSTRUCTED WELL, CARL HUBNER.
NORWEGIAN SCENERY, Gude.
THE INFANT CHRIST, Andreas Muller
THE YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE, HUBNER.
THE END OF THE LITIGATION, HUBNER.
ALPINE LANDSCAPE, PULIAN.
AUTUMNAL STORM, Schirmer.
THE DEATH OF THE POACHER, Hubner.
STORM IN AUTUMN, WITH STAG HUNT, LANGE.
THE WOOD STEALERS, Hubner.
THE CONFIDENTIAL FRIENDS, Boser.

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THE DÜSSELDORF ARTISTS.—PREPARING FOR THE EXHIBITION.

The scene of this Tableau is the Exhibition Room of the Gallery at Düsseldorf. The picture of "Hagar and Ishmael" is well known, both from engravings and from the small copy exhibited in New York some short time since. "The Wine Testers," which we also find there, needs no comment, as it has an immense popularity on this side the Atlantic; but the one included in this picture is only a small replica, and not the original, which is still in the New York collection. This work embraces portraits of most of the leading men of the school. To give a key, with a description of each separately, would encroach too much upon our space and limits. The small figure to the left is that of M. Preyer, whose fruit pieces stand unrivalled, and never fail to find ready purchasers in Europe, as well as in America.





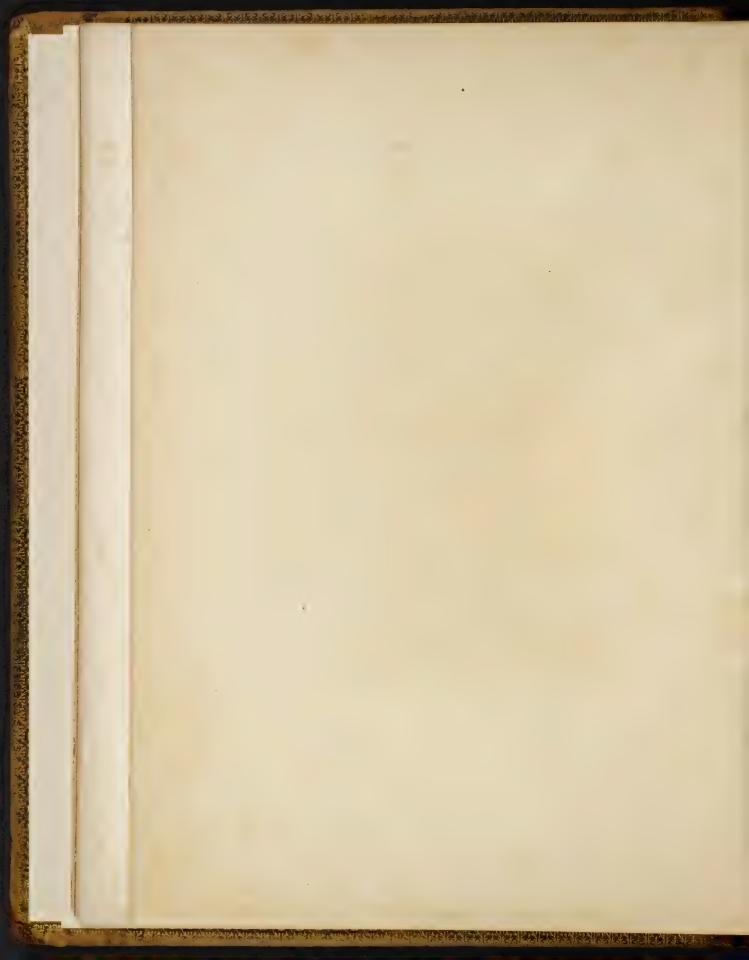


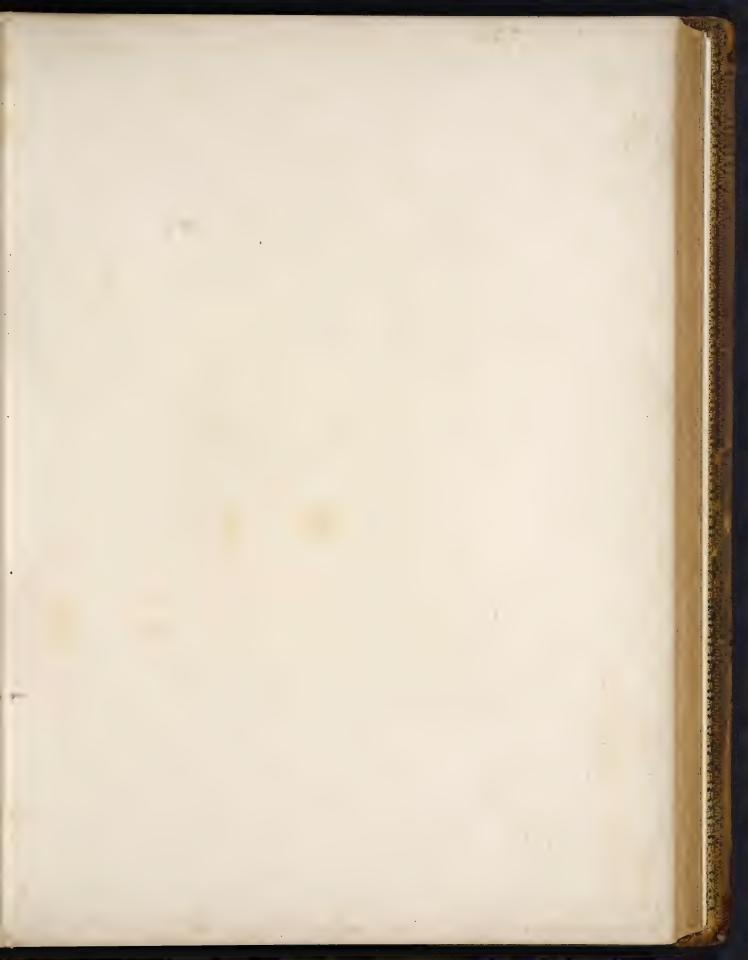
THE DÜSSELDORF ARTISTS.—LUNCH TIME IN THE FOREST.

(By BOSER.)

This is a work of great interest, and contains portraits of most of the "representative men" of the Düsseldorf School of Art. The landscape is by Lessing, Boser having the honor of the portraits, which, for their truthfulness, render the picture of inestimable The scene is "lunch time" in the forest—a favorite resort value. of Lessing and his brother artists. The figure standing in the centre is Lessing—the cup which he has gained as a prize is being offered to him by Schrödter. Ebers stands next, with his hand upon Lessing's shoulder. The kneeling figure, with the basket of prizes to be awarded to the best shots, is Ritter; just above himwith rifle on his shoulder—Prof. Sohn, the painter of the "Diana and her Nymphs;" and next to him is Steinbruck, the author of "The Adoration of the Magi." The little dwarf is Lehnen, a painter of still life, one of whose works is in the collection. not permit a more lengthy description of the picture so as to point out each portrait separately. A list of the names of those who are included in the work, is appended:

Prof. HILDEBRAND,	J. Bensen,	Lessing,	STILKE,
Mücke,	Sonderland,	STEINBRUCK,	V. NORMANN,
Dir. V. Schadow,	Plüddeman,	Prof. Sohn,	Pose,
Lehnen,	Prof. Schirmer,	RITTER,	CANTON,
Könler,	JORDAN,	Leutze,	Camphausen,
Frederich,	SCHRÖDTER,	BLANC,	Schrader,
Kretzschner,	Ebers,	Prof. WIEGMANN,	Boser.







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THE MADONNA AND CHILD.

(By CARL MULLER.)

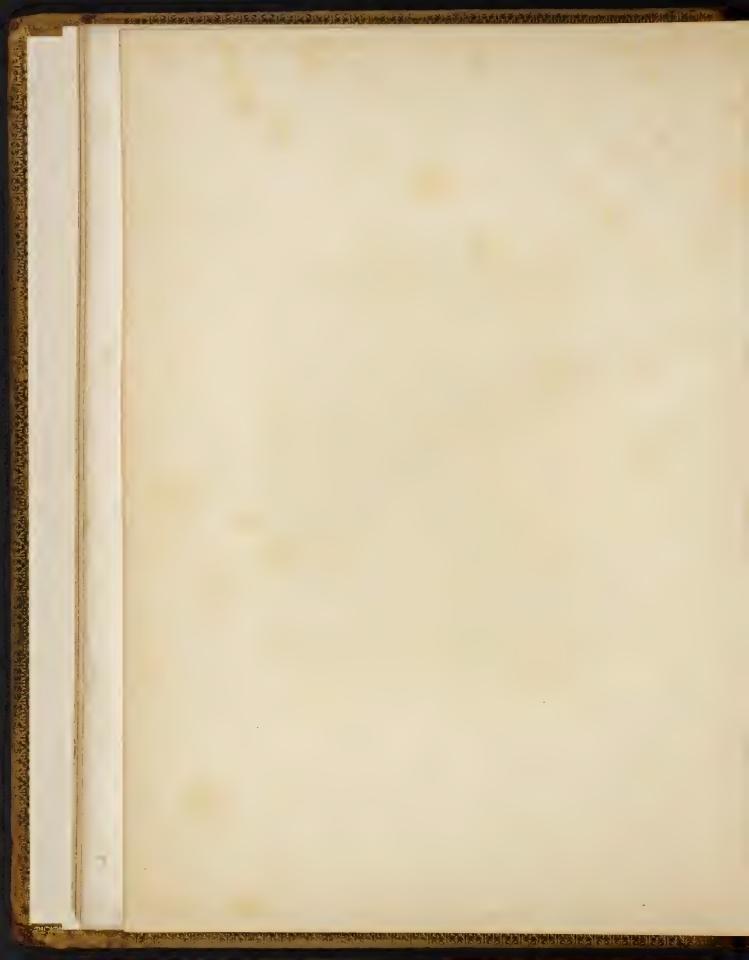
This beautiful picture is of the size of life. Muller and Deger are two of the Düsseldorf artists who have the greatest reputation for painting sacred subjects.

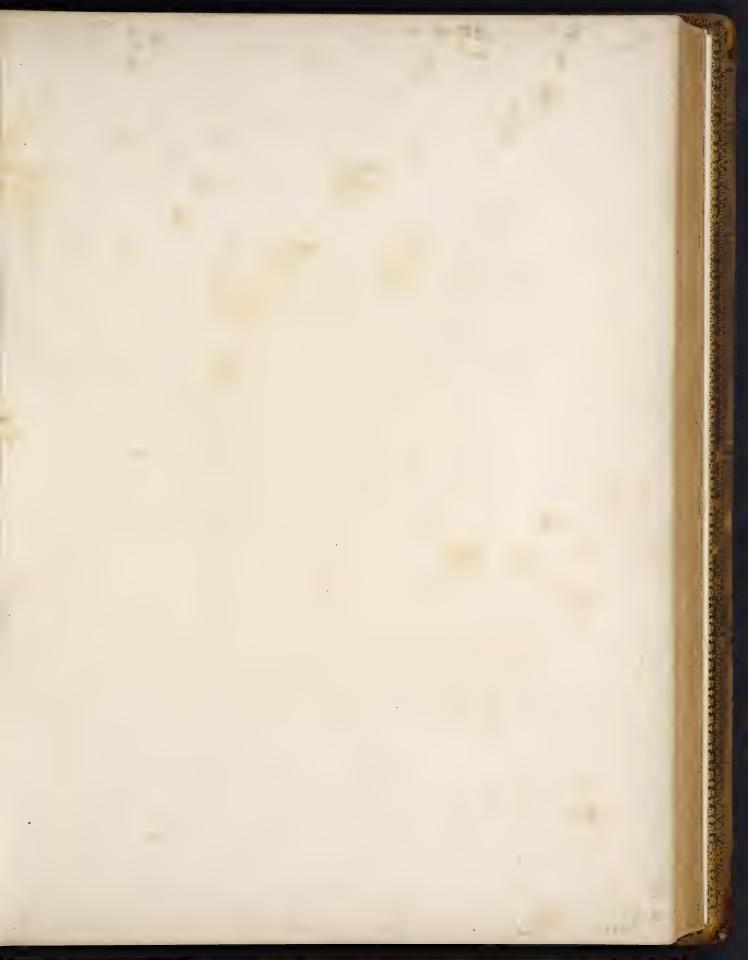
When this work was exhibited in Düsseldorf, it obtained the most unqualified approbation. It was ordered to be engraved on copper, at the express request of the Düsseldorf Academy.

"The Virgin, descending on clouds, shows to the world the Holy Infant, who in his left hand holds the globe redeemed by the Cross, and with his right hand blesses it. The face of the Infant Jesus is not only very beautiful and sweet, but divinity is unmistakably impressed upon his forehead."

In painting the Virgin Mary, the artist has had reference to the Revelation of St. John, Chap. xii., v. 1:

"And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars."







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THE POOR WEAVERS OF SILESIA, AND THEIR EMPLOYERS.

(By CARL HUBNER.)

Immediately on the completion of this picture, it was sent to Berlin to be exhibited, in which city at the time great political excitement was raging, the masses holding secret meetings, whose object was the dissemination of political opinions diametrically opposed to those of the government and the nobles, by whom they deemed they were oppressed. The manufacturers, too, being heavily taxed themselves, determined to reduce still lower the wages of their work people, till at last Berlin was filled with "curses, not loud but deep."

The exhibition of this picture of Hubner's, gave rise to the display of so much feeling amongst the working classes, that the police issued an order that it should be immediately withdrawn from the public gaze.

It tells its own story so plainly, that further description is unnecessary.





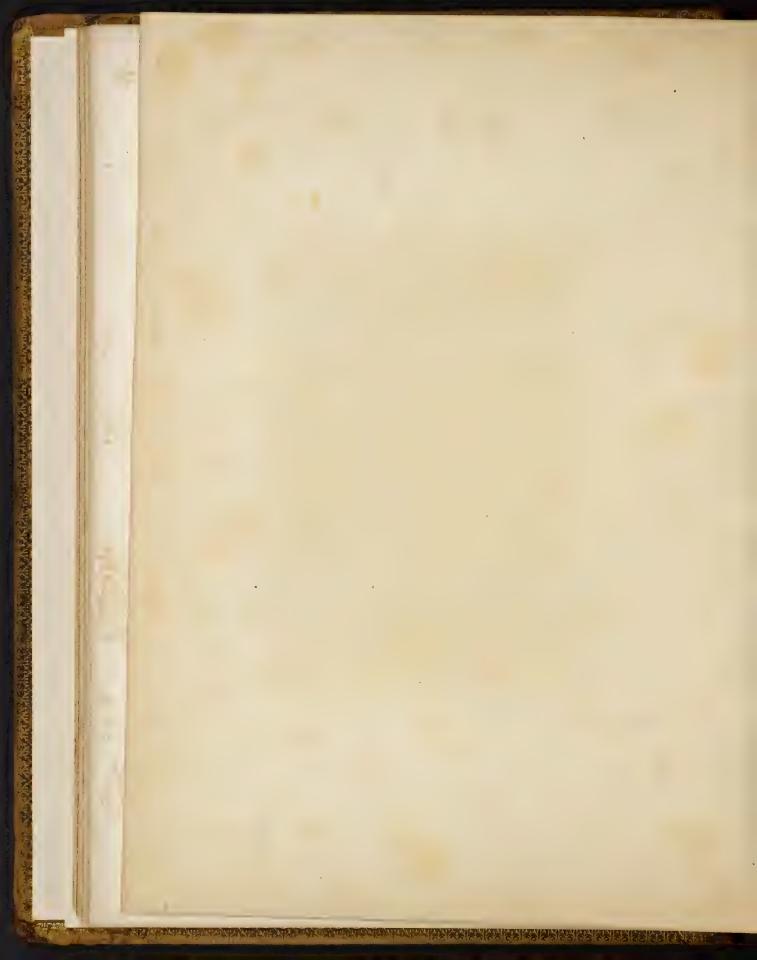


DIANA AND HER NYMPHS SURPRISED AT THE BATH BY ACTEON.

(By SOHN.)

This work remained in Sohn's studio in an unfinished state for seven years, when at last it was completed and forwarded to America; and though coveted by connoisseurs and princely patrons of art, no offer prevailed to prevent its being added to this collection, where for the past few years it has charmed the multitudes who have gazed upon it.

The goddess of the chase, with her attendant nymphs, is bathing in a secluded pool, in the forest of Bœotia, when the rustling of the branches discovers the hunter, Acteon, gazing upon the forbidden sight. The queen-goddess turns indignantly upon the intruder, and stretching forth her right arm, she pronounces upon Acteon the curse which turns him into a stag, to be hunted down by his own hounds. The artist has seized upon the moment of the imposition of the sentence. The intruder, very properly, is out of sight; for it were impossible to represent the metamorphosis. Diana is "magnificently indignant." Her affrighted nymphs shrink from the sight. It has been conceded, by the most exacting criticism, that the artist has given the occasion and the circumstance a fitting interpretation. The Diana is full of power and passion, yet it is still the embodiment of chastity and gentleness. In flesh coloring Sohn has been pronounced without an equal amongst living artists.







A CALLER OF THE WAY OF

THE WINE TESTERS.

(By HASENCLEVER.)

The celebrity gained by this picture, both in Europe and America, has been obtained, in a great measure, from the exhibition of the engraving. There are hundreds of European cities in which it has never been seen, but where it is as well known as it is by the inhabitants of New York—and, we may say, of this Continent.

The expression of the faces are so varied, as to render each countenance a perfect study. With what gusto they seem to enjoy the fruit of the different vintages, and all, without doubt, of the choicest too. The cellarman, we can see, has just announced that he has reserved for the last, as a "bonne bouche," one bottle of a certain scarce and curious wine that shall eclipse all they have as yet tasted. The look of the Bon-vivant, who has raised his hand in deprecation of such an announcement, is most amusing, and the twinkling of the eyes of the figure with hat on head, is wonderfully expressive. For this work large sums have been repeatedly offered and refused; it is coveted much in Germany, and several artists there would be glad to secure it if possible for that country.







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THE BLIND FATHER'S FAREWELL BLESSING.

(By JULIUS SCHRADER.)

The blind father being led forward to bless his son ere he departs for the wars. Such is the subject of this work—one of this artist's happiest efforts.

* * * Where, where art thou, My son, my son?

On which tall trembler shall the old man lean? Which chill leaf shall lap o'er him when he lies On that bed where in visions I have seen Thy filial love? or, when thy father dies, Tissne a fingered thorn to close his childless eyes?

Aye, where art thou? Men, tell me of a fame
Walking the wondering nations; and they say,
When thro' the shouting people thy great name
Goes like a chief upon a battle day,
They shake the heavens with glory. Well—away!

From Sydney Dobelts "A Hero's Grave."







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OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA.

(By HILDEBRANDT.)

This picture was painted for the late King of Prussia, and when completed, the artist took it to Berlin for delivery. At this time the revolution broke out, and he returned to Dusseldorf without being able to place it before His Majesty.

In conformity with the Germanic idea that Othello was an Ethiop, Hildebrandt has made "the jealous Moor" of Shakespear a negro, and but for this defect, the picture would be almost faultless. The Immortal Bard must have been well aware of the distinction between the two races, the Moorish and the Ethiopian. Nor can there be the least reason for supposing he ever intended Othello to be represented as a negro. In the "Titus Andronicus," too, he does not apply the term negro to the character of Aaron, but continually speaks of both Aaron and Othello as Moors. With the Ethiopian race the Venetians had nothing to do; whereas with their neighbors the Moors, they were brought into continual contact. The heads of Desdemona and her father, Brabantio, are without doubt the finest portions of the work. Nor is the gaping wonder of the little page, who bears away the wine, a whit less true to nature.

This picture has ever been an immense favorite with those who have visited the gallery during the past few years, and still retains its deserved and acknowledged popularity.







THE CASCADE.

(By LINDLAR.)

"All the day long,
With a ceaseless song,
And the whole night through,
Down its path of blue,
A cascade falls o'er rocky walls,
In a far off wood where the giant trees
Wrestle with storms or the passing breeze,
Where never a banner has floated high,
Or a glittering spire looked up to the sky,
Where the sunlight softly flickers down
Through the summer's green and the autumn's brown,
And the cold bright light of the winter night,
And the tender sheen of the springtime green,
In changeful beauty glow and fall
Where the cascade sings o'er its rocky wall."

From "Sybelle," by L.







RUDOLF OF HAPSBURG, WHILE HUNTING, DOING HOMAGE TO A PRIEST CARRYING THE SACRAMENT.

(By CARL CLASEN.)

"Forth to the chase a hero rode,

To hunt the bounding chamois-deer;

With shaft and horn the squire behind;—

Through greensward meads the rivers wind,

A small, sweet bell they hear.

Lo, with the HOST, a holy man,—

Before him strides the sacristan,

And the bell sounds near and near.

The noble hunter down-inclined

His reverent head and softened eye,

And honored with a Christian's mind

The Christ who loves humility!"

Schiller's Rudolf of Hapsburg.







A PORTRAIT.—CONSCIOUS WOMANHOOD.

(By BEWER.)

It would be difficult to find in the whole collection, a more exquisitely colored picture than this. A beauty, conscious of her graces, and proud of them too.

And yet, at times, within her eye there dwelt Softness that would the sternest bosom melt;

A depth of tenderness which show'd, when woke, That woman there, as well as angel, spoke.

Yet well that eye could flash resentment's rays;

Or, proudly scornful, check the boldest gaze;

Chill burning passion with a calm disdain,

Or with one glance rekindle it again.

* * * * * * * * * * *

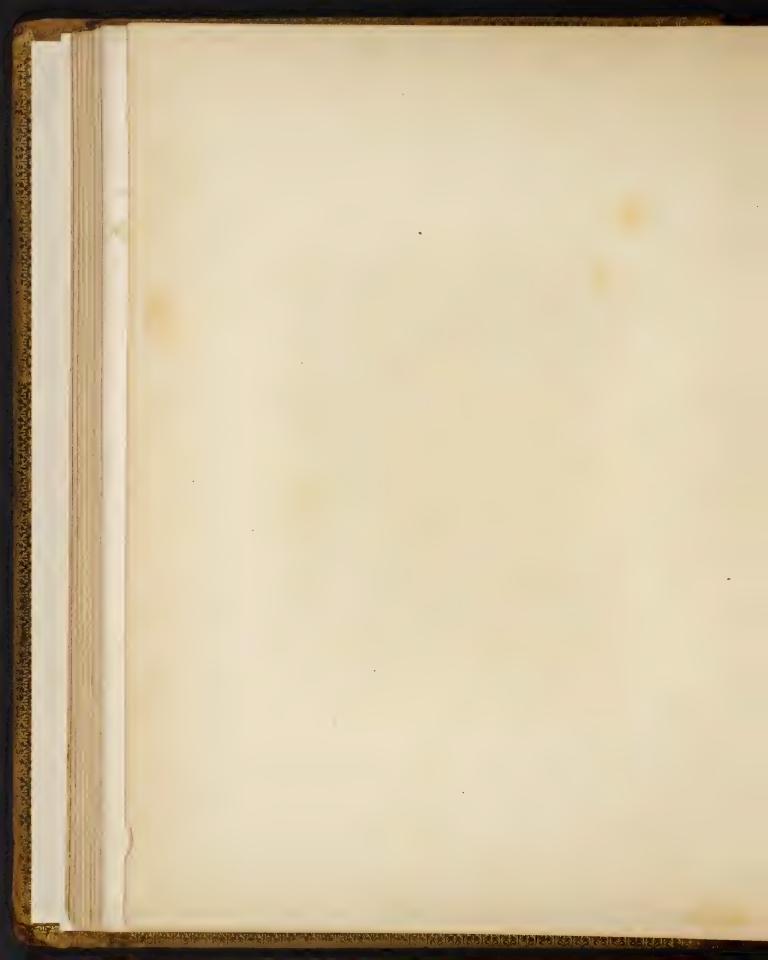
* * * Such in her combined

Those charms which round our very nature wind;

Which, when together they in one conspire,

He who admires must love—who sees, admire.

Charles Fenno Hoffman.







FISHING SMACKS RUNNING INTO SCHEVENINGEN.

(By ACHENBACH.)

A fine specimen of wave painting; the sea is positively alive with its motion; the pier head is most wonderfully truthful; the attitudes and actions of the figures, which we think cannot be excelled, convey a good idea of the fisherman's busy life, which Sir Henry Bishop's old glee capitally illustrates—

Merry boys, away, away,

Market shall our toil repay;

None so happy, then, as we,

Who draw our treasures from the sea.

* * * * * *

But when the breeze springs up,

Each takes a cheering cup—

Then hoist the sail, to meet the gale,

And all in hurry, bustle, noise,

We skim upon the deep, like merry boys.

Then, haste we home whilst distant thunders rise,
And soon the tempest rolls, and rolls along the skies.
Thus we all live so happy together,
In spite of the chances of weather;
With our messmates, our children,
Our sweethearts and wives,
That no lives are so happy
As Fishermen's lives.







MALVOLIO.

FROM "TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL."

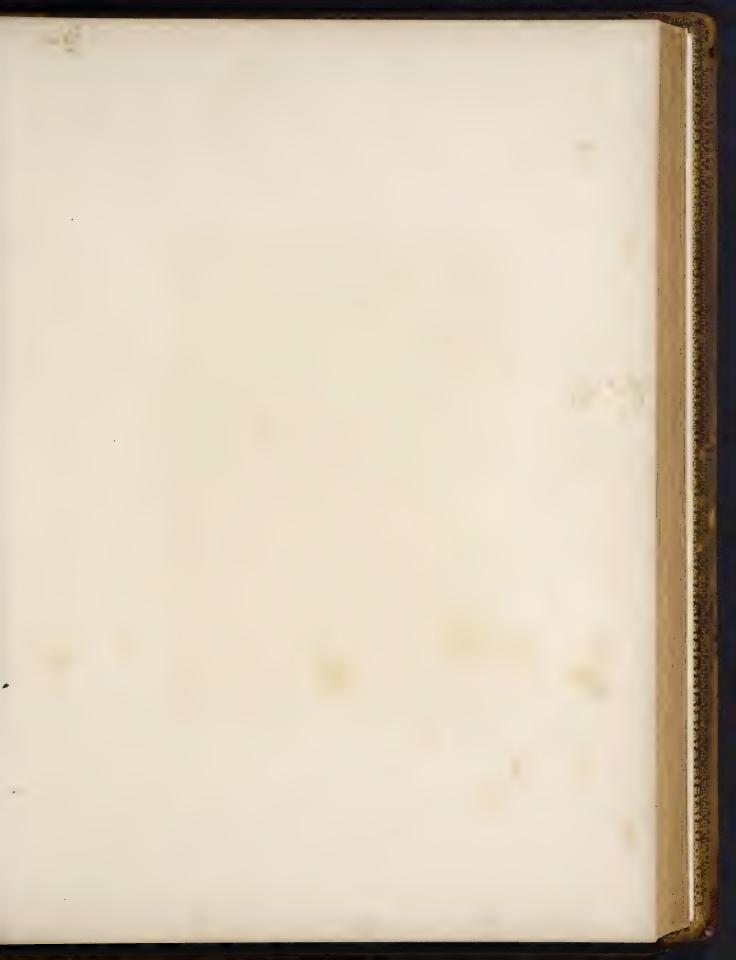
(By SCHRODTER.)

This subject is taken from the scene in the 2d Act of Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night," where Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Fabian, overhear the conceited steward, Malvolio, boasting of the favor shown him by Olivia, and where they witness his ridiculous antics as he reads the letter:

"I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg, being cross-gartered."

Scene V., Act II.







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DUTCH CHATEAU ON A SWAMP.

(By CARL HILGERS.)

An old Dutch Chateau on the flats. It is one of the best works of this much admired artist. The landscapists of America have found much in it to study. There is a warm, rich tone pervading the picture—not often found in this school of art—that renders it most pleasing to the eye of the connoisseur. "The figures—crossing the bridge leading to the chateau—are intended to represent the noble proprietor, with his lady wife and servants, returning from the chase." They are forcibly introduced, and add much to the value of the work. We say no more.—Shakespeare admonishes us—

My beauty, * * * * * * * *

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,

Not uttered by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

Love's Labour's Lost.







THE MAGDALEN.

(By DEGER.)

A work of great purity, and full of feeling. Deger ranks in the highest class of the religious painters of this school.

Blessed, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted!

The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn,

In wonder and in scorn!

Thou weepest days of innocence departed;

Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to move

The Lord to pity and love.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,

Even for the least of all the tears that shine

On that pale cheek of thine.

Thou didst kneel down to Him who came from heaven,

Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise

Holy, and pure, and wise.

Wm. Cullen Bryant,
From the Spanish of Bartolomeo Leonardo de Argensola.







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THE BATTLE OF ASCALON, A.D. 1099.

(By CAMPHAUSEN.)

The moment seized upon by the artist for his subject, is when Godfrey of Bouillon is rushing on to conquer the Saracens, under the battle-cry "Deus lo volt" ("God wills it").

Near him are the banners of the Holy Cross and of Jerusalem; and he is followed by the Archbishop, carrying the Holy Lance.

In the foreground, on the left, is seen old Raymond of Toulouse, and on the right, Tancred of Tarentum, in deadly conflict with Ethiopian foot soldiers.

This is a most spirited work, and full of great power. The anatomical drawing of both man and horse is worthy the study of the artist as well as the connoisseur.

In such scenes Camphausen stands unrivalled, and is acknowledged to be one of the first in this great school of painters.







LANDSCAPE.-NORWEGIAN SCENERY.

(By GUDE.)

The immense forests of hardy firs, the lofty mountains, a-down which we see the torrents rushing with impetuous force, the cold gray sky—all these most faithfully portray the features of a northern landscape, where solitude reigns paramount.

"Dear solitude, the soul's best friend,

That man acquainted with himself doth make,

And all his Maker's wonders to intend.

With thee I here converse at will,

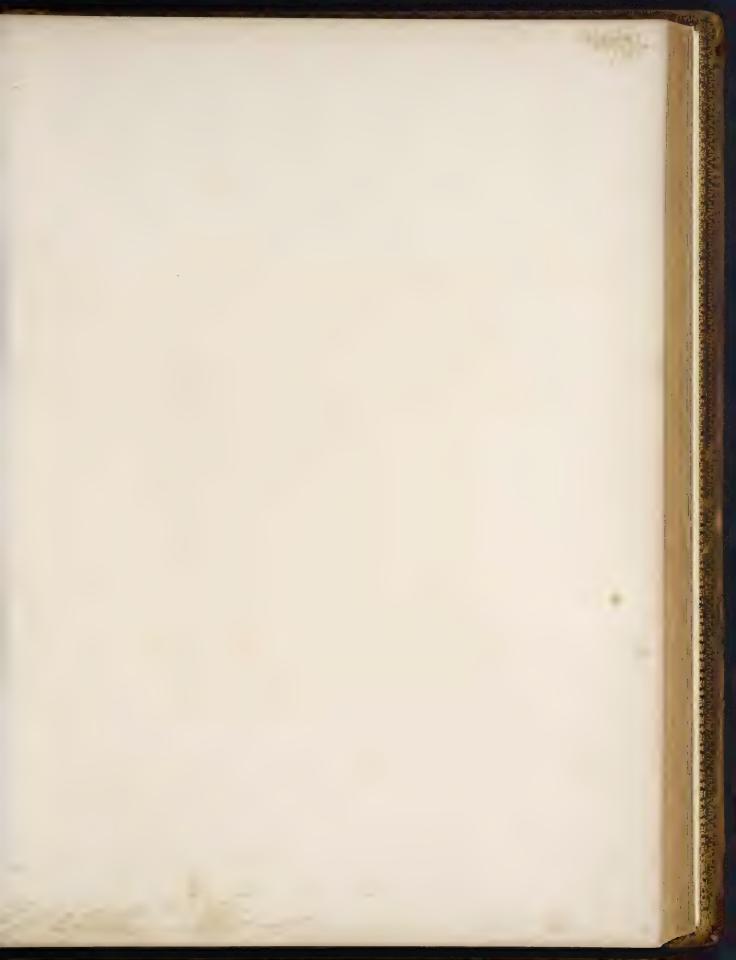
And would be glad to do so still,

For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

* * * * * * * * *

> Charles Cotton, From Dana's Household Book of Poetry.







A CASTLE INVADED BY PURITANS IN THE TIME OF CHARLES I.

(By CAMPHAUSEN.)

This is an admirable composition, and full of life-like and startling contrasts, representing "a scene in the civil war of Charles I. of England, at the moment of the capture of a Cavalier's stronghold by the Roundheads." It would be a difficult task to point out which portion of this work deserves the most praise. It is well worthy of attention and study, and is so full of the spirit of the times—as handed down to us by tradition—that we can scarcely conceive its emanating from a German school of art, as neither in tone, nor treatment of the subject, does it evince its paternity.







THE FLOWER GIRL.

(By BOSER.)

One of the most popular paintings in the whole collection. It is, indeed, a little gem. Many connoisseurs have made large and liberal offers for this work, which have been constantly refused. Remarks on its various merits would almost seem superfluous, as from the very great care (and which has been fortunately rewarded by success) that was expended upon its reproduction, it has, perhaps, proved the most striking copy of all, and tells its own story.

The eyes are speaking; the flowers appear so real, that they lack neither form nor color; whilst the rounded form is excellently portrayed.

Boser holds a deservedly high position in this School of Artists.







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GERMANIA-AN ALLEGORY.

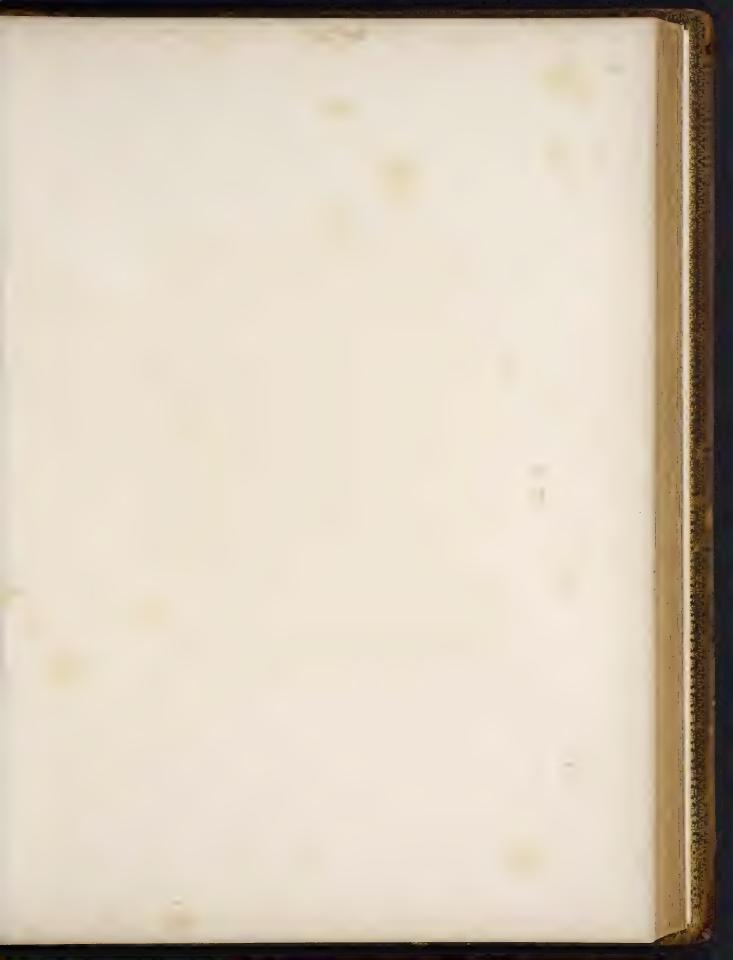
(By KÖHLER.)

In the year 1848, the struggle of the German people to throw off the bondage of their oppressors afforded the artists of that country many subjects for the employment of their pencils. Köhler—a warm admirer of the patriots who sought to render Germany free—painted this picture as his humble tribute to the goddess of Liberty. He thus interprets his work:

"Germania, the goddess of Germany, (sleeping on a bear's skin,) is awakened by Justice, accompanied by Liberty, (the latter represented by a young girl,) when with her right hand she grasps the Sword, and with her left lays hold of the Imperial Crown, chasing away the demons of despotism and discord."

Mr. Schadow, the Director of the Dusseldorf Academy, pronounced the painting to be "one of the most masterly productions of this school," and furthermore added, "I do not believe there exists an artist in Europe capable of reaching the grand and noble style of the old Venetian masters so thoroughly as Köhler here has done."







LUTHER, THROWING HIS INKSTAND AT SATAN.

(By GRASHOF.)

The Elector, Frederick the Wise, of Saxony, caused Luther, who had been outlawed by the Diet of Worms, to be carried to Wartburg, an ancient mountain castle, half a league from Eisenach, belonging to the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar. Here Luther lived from May 4th, 1521, to March 6th, 1522, engaged in the translation of the Bible, and during his stay there, according to popular tradition, is represented to have encountered Satan. It is the moment of this rencontre that the artist has chosen for his work. The room in which Luther labored is yet to be seen.







A STAG BESET BY WOLVES.

(By LACHENWITZ.)

A winter scene, painted with a Lapland coldness. The animals are most spiritedly executed. The ferocity of the wolves, and the pain and terror of the stag are impressively depicted. It is life-like, and full of feeling. One can almost fancy hearing the baying of those wolves mingling with the howling of that one on the right, and which has evidently been badly wounded.

How expressive is the face of the poor brute thus hunted to the death; whilst, with distended nostril, and teardrop starting from its eye, it combats 'gainst the fearful odds.

Few who gaze upon this picture fail to have their warmest sympathies enlisted in behalf of the poor stag, whose ultimate fate is so powerfully foreshadowed.







THE SERENADE.-VENICE.

(By WODICK.)

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light;
Then, lady, up—look out, and be
A sister to the night!—

"Sleep not!—thine image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast;
Sleep not!—from her soft sleep should fly,
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay,
With looks whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day."

Edward Coates Pinkney,
From Dana's Household Book of Poetry.







CATTLE.

(By SIMMLER.)

This work is a joint composition; the animals being painted by Simmler, and the landscape by Andreas Achenbach; thus giving it a double interest. There is much knowledge and vigor evinced in the drawing of the animals. We would especially call attention to the foreshortening of the head and neck of the drinking cow. The landscape is in excellent feeling, and adds greatly to the value of this work, which is thoroughly Dutch in character and treatment.







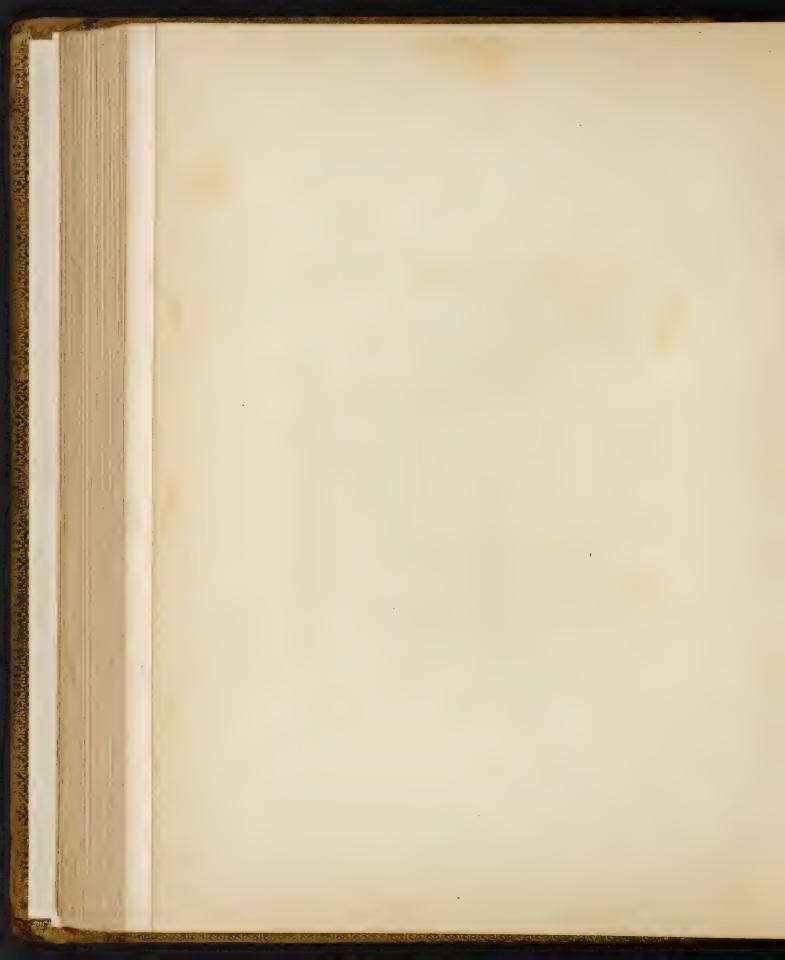
FERRY-BOAT ON THE RHINE.

(By SONDERLAND.)

This artist possesses a fund of quiet humor, which—although at times approaching closely to the absurd and ridiculous—never descends to vulgarity.

This is an excellent specimen of his powers. The group in the boat endeavoring to secure that unruly pig—whose squealing we can almost fancy that we hear—is indeed not to be surpassed for composition and effect. How natural the attitude of the young girl who stands at the porch; so too with the younger one in the centre of the picture. There is a positive weight in that basket which we really seem to feel ourselves.

The spot is a well-remembered one, and is within a short distance of Düsseldorf.







FALSTAFF MUSTERING HIS RECRUITS.

(By SCHRODTER.)

In scene the 2d, act the 3d (2d part) of Shakspeare's Henry IV., Schrodter has found a subject admirably adapted to the display of his great talents.

This work has long been acknowledged as the artist's masterpiece. In color it has been considered undoubtedly one of the best figure pieces in the collection. The chiaro-oscuro of this work is very fine, and the whole scene is full of exquisite humor.

The burly knight's attitude, his rollicking manner, and the impudent expression of his eye, are excellently portrayed.

It needed not the scissors to tell the trade of the "Woman's tailor."

The management of the light in the recess behind the figure of Falstaff, and the introduction of the little page with the sword, are fine points in the work, which is one of admirable keeping and rare completeness.







HORSE, SHEEP, AND GOAT.

(By SIMMLER.)

Like the companion picture in this collection, the above is a joint work—the cattle being painted by Simmler, and the landscape by Andreas Achenbach. The old Dutch mill, in the far distance, denotes most clearly that the scene is in Holland.

The grouping of the sheep and goat is perfect—the varied attitudes are thoroughly natural, and the texture of their woolly coats it were impossible to excel. There are few, if any, in the Düsseldorf School of Art that surpass Simmler as a delineator of animal life. He has a great facility for retaining the especial character of the animal he paints, and this is fully proven in the above work, for who can see it and doubt the old white horse is a portrait from the life.







THE YOUNG COUPLE'S FIRST QUARREL.

(By HUBNER.)

There is great knowledge of the human character displayed in this work. The young people seem to have had a quarrel, which has, on the part of the husband, settled into sulkiness, and on that of the wife into a feeling half relenting and half regretful. He, it seems, desired to visit the fair, (now taking place in the village below,) the young wife has negatived the proposition, and has hidden away both his hat and coat; on finding which, he goes out to smoke his pipe in a humor not the most amiable. It is evident she repents of her act, and is seen bearing to her husband the before-named hat and coat, no doubt anxious to "make it up." The half reluctant disposition to make the first advances on her part is well portrayed, whilst the stolid indifference he assumes is finely delineated. The landscape of the picture is one of Hubner's happiest efforts.







CORDELIA AND KING LEAR.

(By HILDEBRANDT.)

This fine picture is by the same hand as the "Othello and Desdemona." The subject is taken from the German translation of Shakespear's King Lear, by Schlegel and Tieck, in Act 4th, Scene 7th, in which the King, not recognizing his child, "Our Dear Cordelia," exclaims:

"You do me wrong to take her out of the grave;

Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound upon a wheel of fire,

That mine own tears do scald like moulten lead."

The artist's aim has been to represent the filial love of Cordelia, who, although disinherited and disowned by her father, clings to him; whereas his daughters Goneril and Regan, upon whom he bestowed his blessing, have driven him to despair and madness. Upon the King's recovering from one of his fits, Cordelia speaks to him, full of love and humility, and he looks upon her as a spirit from the other world. King Lear, starting up in great trepidation, stretches his right hand toward Cordelia, as if hesitating to touch her, while his left is pressed convulsively upon his heart. Cordelia bends down over him with compressed hands. Behind the King's chair his physician seems to observe with great care his condition. These three figures, in full light, constitute the chief attraction of the picture. At some little distance from Cordelia stands the faithful Earl of Kent, in the habit of a servitor and messenger, looking anxiously at the scene before him.







THE SPORTSMAN.

(By C. SCHEUREN.)

A work of much power and beauty; one feels a longing desire to roam in some such scene, and to exclaim, with truth:

"The silent wilderness for me!
Where never sound is heard
Save the rustling of the squirrel's foot,
And the flitting wing of bird,
Or its low and interrupted note,
And the deer's quick, crackling tread,
And the swaying of the forest boughs,
As the wind moves overhead.

"Alone, (how glorious to be free!)

My good dog at my side,

My rifle hanging on my arm,

I range the forests wide."

Ephraim Peabody.







THE EVENING SONG.

(By KÖHLER.)

"Two fair maidens, whose faces are expressive of the worship in their hearts, as they raise to Heaven their Evening Song."

"O Thou, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest:
From Thee, Great GOD, we spring; to Thee we tend;
Path, motive, guide, original, and end."

From the Latin of Boethius.







THE FIRST FROST.

(By DE LEUW.)

In many respects this painting has no superior in the collection. The clear, crisp air, is felt; the just frozen lake is as bright as a mirror:

"The keen, clear air—the splendid sight— We waken to a world of ice; Where all things are enshrined in light, As by some genie's quaint device.

"Tis winter's jubilee—this day

His stores their countless treasures yield;

See how the diamond glances play,

In ceaseless blaze, from tree and field.

"The cold, bare spot where late we ranged,
The naked woods, are seen no more;
This earth to fairy land is changed,
With glittering silver sheeted o'er."

Andrews Norton.







THE CITY HALL OF GHENT.—INAUGURATION OF A BURGOMASTER IN THE TIME OF THE SPANIARDS.

(By PULIAN.)

In the School of Architectural Painting, Pulian has probably no equal in Europe. He stands pre-eminent. In this picture he obtained the assistance of his friend and fellow artist, Carl Clasen, to paint the figures, which add greatly to the beauty and value of the work; for well, indeed, has Clasen executed the portion allotted to him. There is charming feeling, great action, and excellent composition in these various groups of figures which are standing around the public fountain and the corner of the street to view the procession, as it marches on in stately pomp. And how full of truth the attitudes of the two dogs in the foreground. They carry the eye straight up to the figure of the Herald, who is ascending the steps of the City Hall, marching before the Band, who, in their turn, are followed by a troupe of young children, scattering flowers before the great and mighty Burgomaster elect, of Ghent. The perspective, drawing, and coloring of this picture leave nothing to be desired.







THE DEPARTURE OF THE STUDENT FOR THE UNIVERSITY.

(By HASENCLEVER.)

This is one of the *Three* subjects taken from the popular German poem called the "Jobsiad," caricaturing the career of a German student, and German universities, sixty years ago. These works of Hasenclever are full of merit, more so than is usual with German painters, who succeed better in the grotesque than in the humorous. The three pictures, in this collection, illustrative of the university student's career, are remarkable for keen satire, and nice discrimination of character.

The famous German drollery, called the Jobsiad; or, THE LIFE, OPINIONS, ACTIONS, AND FATE OF

HIERONIMUS JOBS,

is too lengthy for quotation here. It sets forth-

"How he whilom won great renown,
And died as night-watch in Schildeburg town.

* * * * * * * *

Adorned throughout with wood-cuts numerous, Finely wrought and very humorous; A faithful history, neat and terse, Writ in new-fashioned doggerel verse."







THE RETURN OF THE STUDENT.

(By HASENCLEVER.)

The third of the series, which consists of "The Departure," "The Examination," and this—"The Return." Were it not for the great length of the German poem, we would wish to give it entire; it is full of humor, and a quiet vein of satire on the Student's life runs throughout the whole. One portion—being a letter from the father of the young man—we think worthy quotation, inasmuch as the reception, in *idea*, was evidently very different from the reception in *reality*, and the picture and lines will tell the whole story.

"Thy brothers and sisters all send their greeting,
In the joyful hope of a speedy meeting;
They are glad to hear of thy health and success;
And with wishes for thy happiness,
I remain,
Thy Father (in course of natur),
Hans Jobs, pro tempore Senator.
P.S.—Write again, at an early day,
But spare thy allusions to money, I pray."







THE STUDENT'S EXAMINATION AT THE UNIVERSITY.

(By HASENCLEVER.)

"The Professors express great gratification, Only they hope I will use moderation, And not wear out in my studiis, Philosophicis and theologicis.

"It would savor, dear parents, of self laudation,
To enter on an enumeration
Of all my studies—in brief, there is none
More exemplary than your dear son.

"My head seems ready to burst asunder,
Sometimes, with its learned load, and I wonder
Where so much knowledge is packed away:
(Apropos! don't forget the ducats, I pray!)

"In the pulpit soon I shall take my station,
And try my hand at the preacher's vocation;
Likewise I dispute, in the college hall,
On learned subjects—with one and all."

(THE JOBSIADE.)

Extract from a letter from Hieronimus Jobs.







LANDSCAPE, WITH SHEEP AND GOATS.

(By SCHEUREN.)

This painting portrays a peaceful shepherd's life—the honest simple character of which Shakspeare has given us a description in the third Act of "As you like it." Thus wrote the immortal bard:

"Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck."

" As you like it," Act III.







TYROLEANS TRAVELLING.

(By CANTON.)

This is a companion picture to "The Halt by the Well" (also by Canton), and many prefer it to that work. In subjects of this character, Canton has earned for himself some renown, and not without fully deserving it.

The peculiarity of his coloring renders it extremely difficult for the Photographic Art to reproduce the rich, warm browns he throws into all his works. The composition of this picture, which is all we can convey by the copy now before us (color, we feel, being more missed in this than perhaps any other in the entire collection), is really excellent, and it has always been a decided favorite with both the artists of America and the public visiting the gallery.







WINTER SCENE.

(By G. SAAL.)

This work has been pronounced by judges, one of the best specimens of the master. The *air* of frigidity is over it all, and the fox appears to realize most fully the desolation of the scene. The sombre background is in keeping with the wintry presence.

Winter is come again, * * * *

* * * and the strong earth

Has laid aside its mantle to be bound

By the frost fetter. * * *

* * * And there is laid

An icy finger on the lip of streams,

And the clear icicle hangs cold and still,

And the snow-fall is noiseless as a thought.

* * * * * * * * *

It is a season for the quiet thought,

And the still reckoning with thyself. * *

* * * * * * It is well

That winter with the dying year should come.

N. P. Willis.







ENTRANCE OF COLUMBUS INTO BARCELONA AFTER HIS DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

(By PLÜDDEMANN.)

About the middle of April Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather in that genial season and favored climate, contributed to give splendor to this memorable ceremony.

After this, followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. * * * * * * *

And the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

Washington Irving's Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus, Book V., Chap. VI.







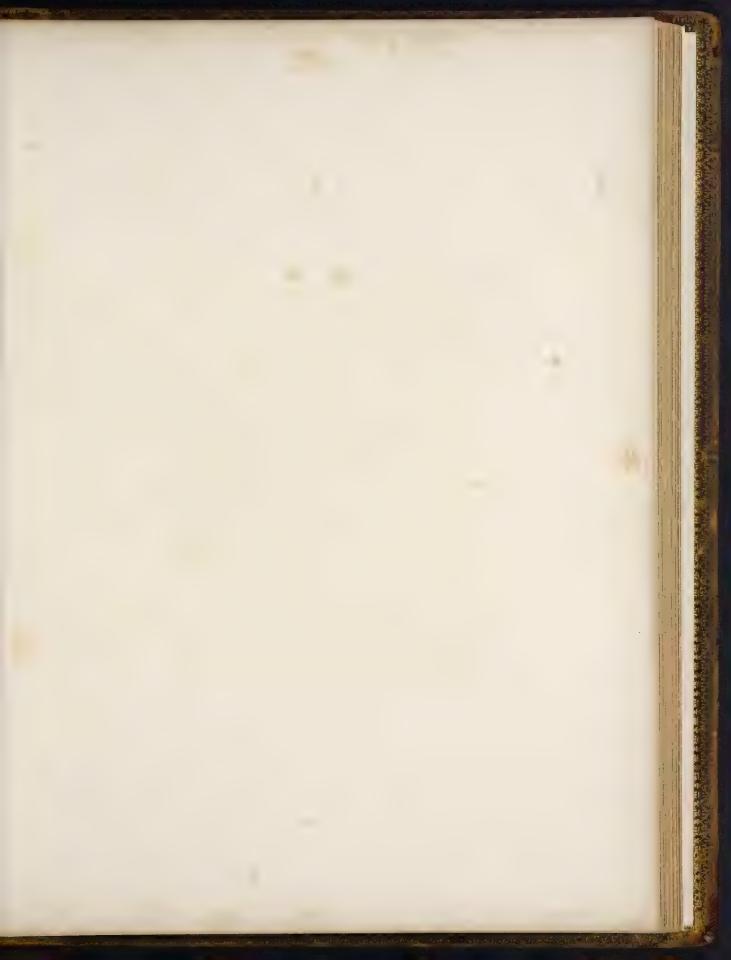
SCENE NEAR DRESDEN.

(By PULIAN.)

It is full of life. The busy women washing their clothes in the running stream; the young urchins, driving into the brook you flock of geese, whose cackling noise has brought out their owner from his work, and who stands there vowing vengeance on their heads, and shaking his stout cudgel, which he longs to lay across their backs, is capitally introduced. His Frau, leaning over the balcony, is evidently speaking to the friend below, who stands with upraised head, and her back turned to the spectator.

There is a truth to nature in the whole of this picture that cannot be excelled, and which has earned for its author, the unqualified praise, of both artist and connoisseur.







THE OBSTRUCTED WELL.

(By CARL HUBNER.)

A quaint and quiet bit of rural flirtation. Two young maidens have sought the spot to fill their pitchers from the well, when suddenly they find themselves prevented from doing so by a rustic swain, who quite clearly is demanding a toll—of a kiss, no doubt—prior to permitting them to complete their mission. The old grandfather—fondly nursing his favorite grandchild—looks admiringly at his young male friend, and it is not very difficult to read in the old man's face that "there were days" when he, too, had his jest with the best of them. The attitude of that sturdy buxom girl in the foreground is capital—one can almost hear her replying to the banter and the jest of the gallant youth, while her companion stares at him as if amazed at his boldness. This painting displays the great versatility of Hubner's talents.







LANDSCAPE-NORWEGIAN SCENERY.

(GUDE.)

This is a painting which at once arrests attention, and challenges criticism. By connoisseurs it has been pronounced one of the best landscapes in the country. The Albion remarked: "The treatment is masterly. The aerial perspective; the vapor from the falling water; the quiet tone of the foreground; the sense of solitude, befitting the scene, despite Bruin; and a pathway running upward by the stream—here is a combination of excellence that makes up a very perfect picture." The two bears—one coming down the rocky pathway, the other lying down, licking his paws—add to the feeling of loneliness and grandeur which pervade the scene.

My pictures are landscapes, unfading and true, Each set in a frame of magnificent blue; The Master who painted retouches them still; No mark of His pencil but tells of His skill; Each moment they change, and new beauties unfold: Now tinted with lead, and then burnished like gold. I view them at morning, night's curtain undrawn, The lake and the mountain, the wood and the lawn, When gently the breath of the murmuring breeze Comes laden with fragrance from blossoming trees; When slowly the sunlight retires in the West, And sweet to the lab'rer comes coolness and rest, The moon lights each scene with her silvery ray-The night has a glory unknown to the day; When bright in the meadow the fire-flies glance, And look, through the leaves, like the stars in a dance, While spirits unseen whisper Hope in my ear, And earth is so lovely that heaven seems near.

Wm. Denton.







THE HOLY CHILD.

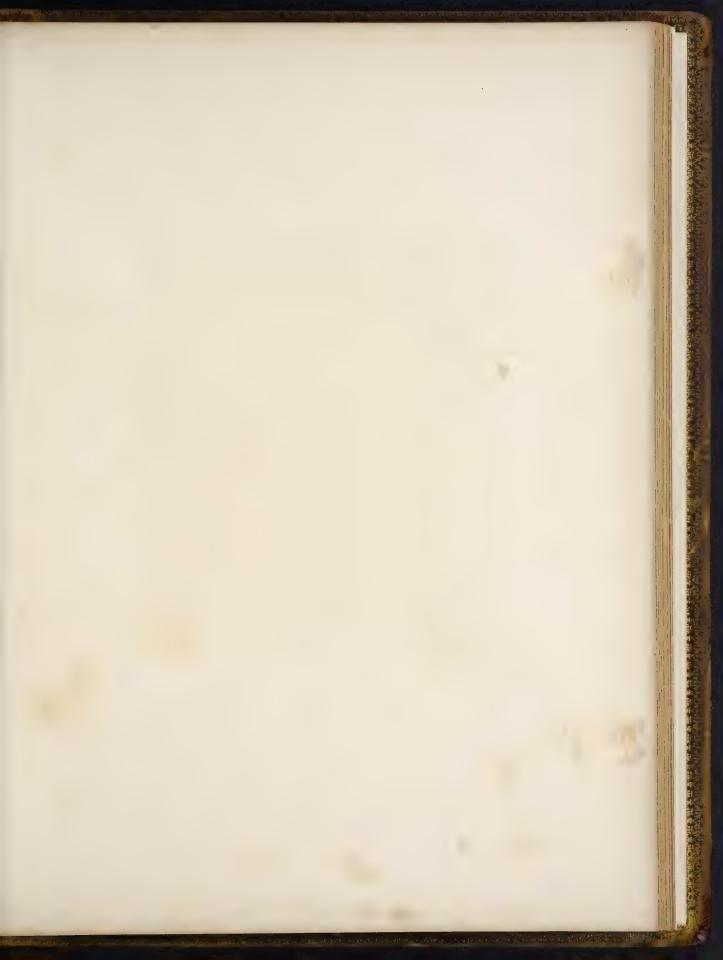
(By ANDREAS MULLER.)

The exact size of the original painting, which is a perfect gem. This artist must not be confounded with Carl Muller, the painter of the "Madonna and Child" (also in this collection); their works are totally different in feeling, color, and manner of handling or execution. Andreas Muller ranks with the highest names in the Düsseldorf school of painters who make religious subjects their special study. His works are much sought after, and command very large prices. Whilst in Düsseldorf in 1860, we saw a picture by him, of about twice the size of the one under notice, for which one thousand dollars was demanded, and we have learned, since our return, it has been purchased by the King of Prussia.

"Peacefully He sleepeth—all hallowed be His rest,
Embower'd amid the summer bloom of Elysium the blest."

JOHN P. CURRY.







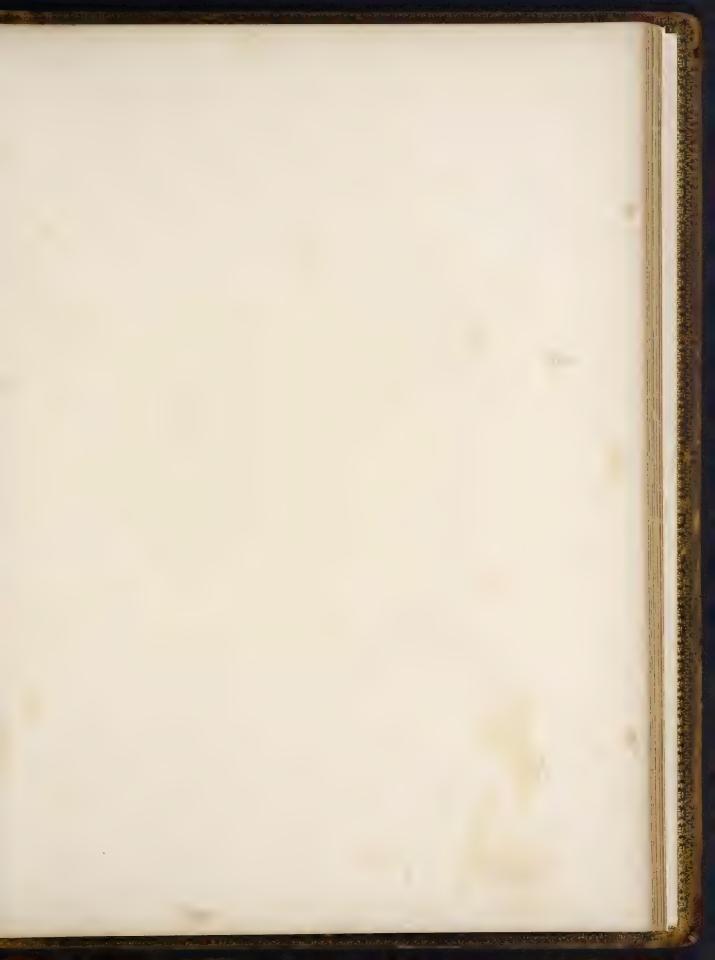
THE YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE.

(By HUBNER.)

The Honeymoon is scarcely over, and all is sunshine in the simple home of "The Young Married Couple." German-like, the man is enjoying his pipe, whilst the busy wife is working at her needle, listening perchance, with cheerful heart and smiling face, to him, her lover-husband, who now recalls some happy scene of those bright days when first they met, and meeting, loved.

The youthful faces in this picture are full of hope and happiness.







THE SETTLED LAWSUIT; OR, A WINE-GROWING PEASANT AND HIS PETTIFOGGING LAWYER.

(By HUBNER.)

It is one of the cleverest bits of humor ever painted by this talented artist. The Pettifogger is a model of his tribe; the cunning leer of his eye is admirably rendered, whilst the perfect satisfaction and content depicted on the face of the simple-hearted client could not be excelled. There are many larger works of Hubner's for which we would not exchange this little gem—that is, were we the fortunate possessor thereof. But we rejoice in being able to announce the fact that it is now placed in the same collection as "The Wood Stealers," also by this artist.







AN ALPINE SCENE.

(By PULIAN.)

This work has always been highly esteemed by connoisseurs, and deemed a good representative specimen of Pulian's powers. The scene is full of life; the effective treatment of both light and shade is most excellent: nor is the harmony of tone which pervades it the least worthy portion of the work.

It is deeply to be deplored that the fine Gallery of which this once formed a part, and that was located in our midst for so many years, should now, owing to these sad and troublous times, have been broken up, and the pictures sold, and thus become scattered far and near, many of the best having found their way back to Europe.

When this work was commenced, there was no probability of such being the case. It will, however, render still more valuable this collection of photographs (taken directly from the originals), as they are the only means left to us by which we can renew from time to time our acquaintance with most of the principal works of the famous "Düsseldorf Gallery" of New York—an institution now passed away.







AUTUMNAL STORM.

(By SCHIRMER.)

THE FOREST LOOM.

Through the woods the wind is flying,

Like a shuttle through the loom,

Weaving garlands from the dead leaves,

For the dead, red Summer's tomb:

Weft of black, and brown, and golden,
Weirdly whirling, as it weaves
On this forest loom so olden,
Chill, fantastic pall of leaves.

And the trees, like mighty spindles,

Whence the warp and woof are rolled,
Vibrate grimly in their bareness,

And seem human in the cold.

And the autumn shrubs, like red men—
Tawny sons of grove and gloom—
Shrug aneath the motley garments
Woven on the forest loom.

And the earth is chill, yet swarthy;

And the red sun seems more red,

As an eye unused to weeping;

And the streams sob, "Summer's dead."

JOHN SAVAGE,

Author of "Sybil," a Tragedy.







THE DEATH OF THE POACHER.

(By CARL HUBNER.)

One of the most popular works of this celebrated artist, and was intended as a satire on the justice of the *forest-rights*, or manorial privileges, held by the nobles of Germany. Mr. John Savage, a gentleman well known for his literary talents on both sides of the Atlantic, has favored us with the following original lines, which are full of feeling, as well as fine descriptive power:

THE DEATH OF THE POACHER.

Athrough the crunching underwood the wild boar madly came, With lashing tail, and gleaming tusks, stiff mane, and eyes of flame.

Through golden crops, through tangled copse, he, fiercely plunging, tore—All seemed but withered fibres to the rage-expanding boar.

Through leafy screen, and rough ravine, through lane and plain the brute Makes head, and in the cotter's field at last eludes pursuit.

"Ho! Hans, be quick! take in the child—bring out my trusty gun!"

Hans fled, and came—the cotter fired—the wild boar's race was run.

But wo, alas! what came to pass: the forest ranger saw

The deed, and shot the cotter down, to make him "keep the law."

Herr Graff and staff, feast, laugh, and quaff that night, with beakers red: The cotter's home is desolate—its head, its heart lies dead.

"Tis royal sport for king and court to hunt the grizzly boar: But woe unto the poor man who dares hunt him from his door.

JOHN SAVAGE,

Author of "Sybil," a Tragedy.







STORM IN AUTUMN, WITH STAG-HUNT.

(By LANGE.)

A very successful and pleasing picture by Lange, an artist of considerable reputation in the Düsseldorf School, and who—to quote from a well-known art-critic of New York—"has conveyed the impression of a hot, damp wind with the happiest effect. The low, thin clouds are well painted, and in good keeping with the subject."

This work has always been a great favorite with the visitors to the Gallery—more especially those who are lovers and admirers of the exciting sport of deer-hunting.







THE WOOD STEALERS.

(By HUBNER.)

In this work the artist has portrayed most vividly the affright of the boy, who, perceiving the keeper of the forest in the distance, hastens to awake the old man from the slumber into which he has fallen whilst sharing their noontide meal. Though we do not perceive the face of the girl, yet from the action of the figure we can readily conceive her look of fear and horror lest danger should befall her aged grandsire.

This picture is now included in the collection of one of America's most liberal art patrons.



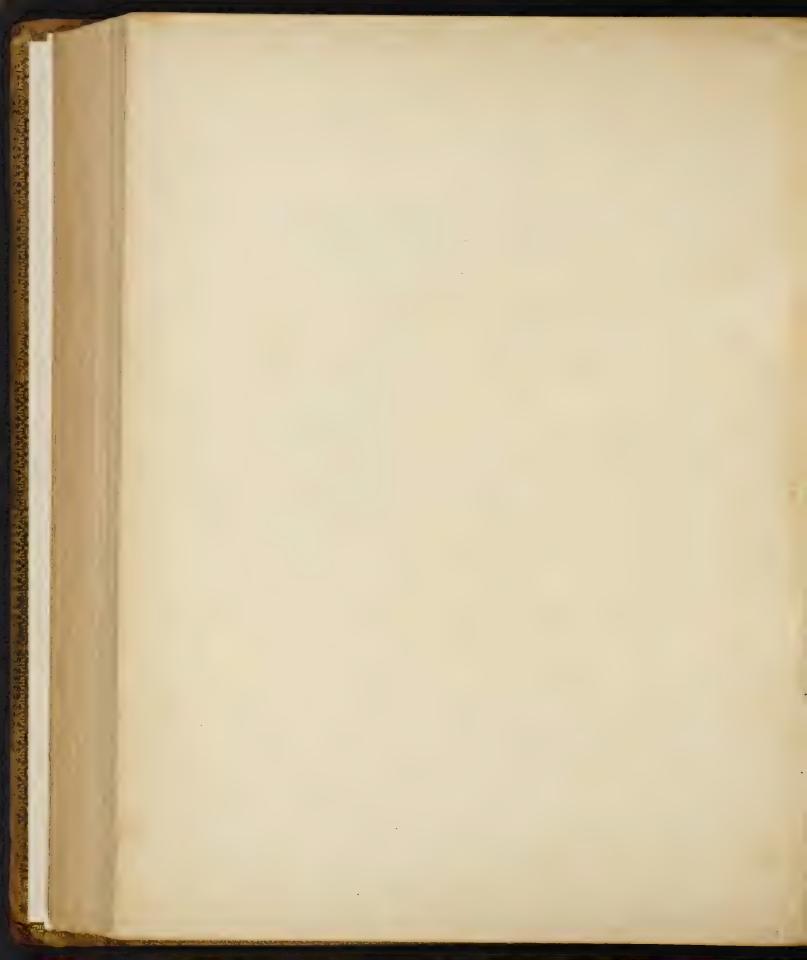


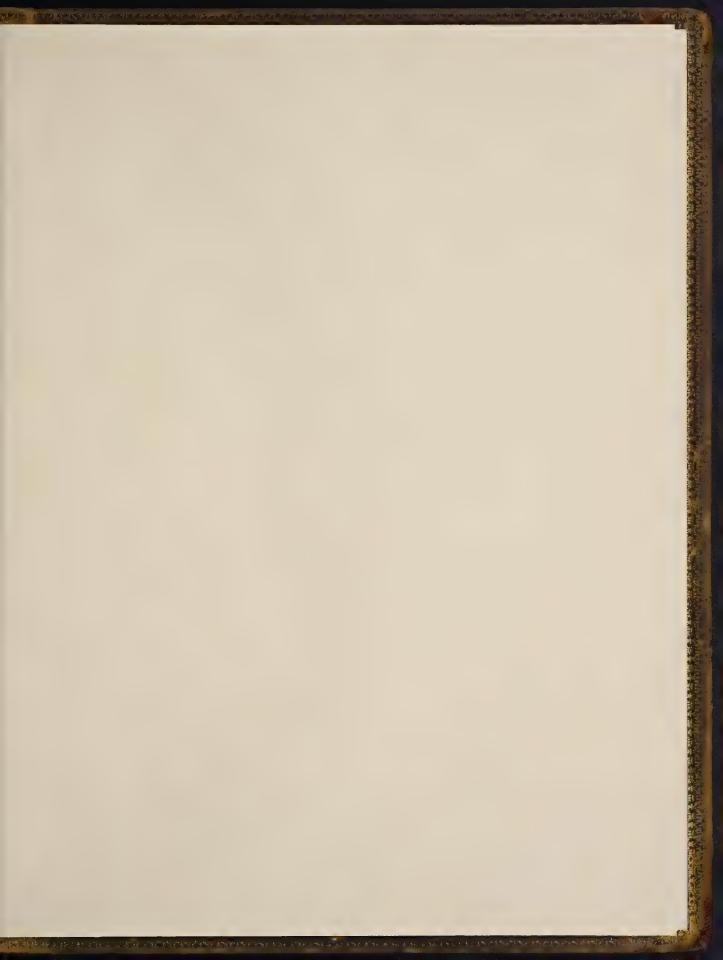


THE CONFIDENTIAL FRIENDS.

(BOSER.)

The artist has here treated us with a charming cabinet picture. Little dreams she who has been so intent upon her book, that her friend, full of innocent mirth, withholds from her the letter so long looked for—so anxiously expected. See the playful smile upon the young maiden's face as she leans over the chair, with words of friendship and of love, that half conceals the happy news she bears. We can imagine the sudden start with which the elder of the twain—who sits with book in hand, so calm and so composed—would bound to grasp those welcome lines of love from him, the idol of her heart. How truly well the story it is told.











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